Eau toxique

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/64331899.

Rating:
Teen And Up Audiences

Archive Warning:
No Archive Warnings Apply

Category:
F/F

Fandom:
原神 | Genshin Impact (Video Game)

Relationship:
Furina (Genshin Impact)/Reader

Characters:
Furina (Genshin Impact), Reader

Additional Tags:
Acting, Theatre, Fashion & Couture, Dessert & Sweets, Magic, Promises, Happy, Gardens & Gardening, Cohabitation, Nobility, Fontaine (Genshin Impact), No beta we die like focalors

Language:
English

Stats:
Published: 2025-04-01 Words: 5,957 Chapters: 1/?

Eau toxique

by Bordementions

Summary

Once, I existed in a place where time had no meaning, where the past was a shadowless void and the future a horizon I could never reach.
To quiet the unease, I wove an identity—something greater, something untouchable.
A figure carved from will alone.
I wore it like armor, played the part until the lines between the mask and the wearer dissolved.

But perhaps there is no need to see a new truth, for it may be a borrowed identity.

Mais ce masque c'est moi.

Notes

If there are any top dom Furina roleplayers reading this hit my line

I'm 6'3, 167, Female, Feminism activist, six figures, abs

All jokes aside this fic is gonna get BLEAK, I mean that in all seriousness there is gonna be a lot of bad and not a lot of good to balance it out. The tags will be updated as I go in order to prevent spoilers but just remember what I say here, there are no happy endings.

This is gonna be a really long fic pretty much the genshin version of my manager don project

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1: Écume de mer

The streets of Fontaine shimmered in the early morning light, the city glistening like a jewel set upon the flowing waters. A crisp, invigorating breeze carried the scent of fresh bread from a distant bakery, mingling with the faint perfume of blooming flowers that adorned the elegant bridges and terraces.

The golden accents of the buildings reflected the sun's gentle rays, while the intricate sculptures lined the streets—a testament to Fontaine's artistic culture.

Your heart pounded with anticipation, each step along the cobblestone streets bringing you closer to your destiny. Today was the day. The day you had worked tirelessly for, rehearsed until your voice went hoarse, until your body ached from countless performances in nameless, dimly lit venues. Today, all of that effort had finally borne fruit—you were to perform at the Opera Epiclese, the grandest stage in all of Fontaine.

The very thought sent a shiver of excitement down your spine. Lady Furina herself would be watching. The Hydro Archon herself, the most esteemed patron of the arts. She had granted you this opportunity, whether by her own whim or some divine stroke of luck, and for that, you were endlessly grateful. You had dreamed of this moment for as long as you could remember—standing before a rapt audience, dazzling them with your talent, bringing stories to life in a way that only you could.

You could already see the Opera Epiclese in the distance, perched regally on the island of Erinnyes, its grand silhouette rising above the waterways like a monument. The polished stone walls gleamed under the sunlight, bright embellishments tracing the edges of every arch and pillar.

Towering fountains flanked the entrance, their crystal-clear waters cascading in elegant arcs, a dance of liquid grace. And the windows—those stunning stained-glass windows—bathed the streets in hues of deep blue and violet, casting a dreamlike glow upon the cobblestones.

You could hardly believe it, this is where your next dream would take place

For a moment, you slowed your pace, allowing yourself to take it all

in—the grandeur, the artistry, the sheer majesty of it all. This was the heart of Fontaine's culture, where justice and performance interwove, where voices soared in defiance or despair, where the world held its breath for a well-delivered monologue.

And today, you would take the stage.

Exhaling sharply, gripping the strap of your bag with renewed determination. No matter what it took, you would prove yourself today. You would show Lady Furina, show the entire city, that you were not just another hopeful dreamer.

You were a star in the making.

But for as grand as you might have thought it had been in artworks and verbal descriptions, the moment your feet touched the grand courtyard, it felt as though you had stepped into a dream. The path leading to the entrance was lined with immaculate gardens, each bloom carefully selected and placed in a symphony of color—roses of deep crimson, lilies as pale as moonlight, and vibrant hydrangeas that mirrored the rich blues of Fontaine's waters. Sculpted hedges twisted into elaborate designs, some forming intricate masks and figures reminiscent of the grand performances held within these sacred halls.

The fountains, masterpieces of both engineering and artistry, sent shimmering arcs of water into the air, catching the sunlight in a dazzling display. Statues of past performers, playwrights, and composers stood proudly among them, frozen in eternal applause, their expressions immortalized in marble. It was a tribute to those who had graced this place before you, to the countless dreams that had taken flight within these walls.

Yet, the most intoxicating thing was not the sights, but the voices.

Soft murmurs, excited whispers—your name passed from stranger to stranger, lips curling in intrigue, in anticipation.

"Ah, that's the one, isn't it? The rising star performing tonight?"

"I've heard their performance is breathtaking, absolutely mesmerizing."

"Imagine, being handpicked to perform before Lady Furina herself! They must be extraordinary."

The words sent a pleasant shiver down your spine. You had spent

years clawing your way up from obscurity, performing in half-empty lounges, reciting monologues in dimly lit alleys, dreaming of an audience that truly saw you. And now, here they were—hundreds, no, thousands gathered in awe, discussing you right at your very fingertips.

Your gaze flickered to the large advertisement board stationed at the front of the courtyard. There it was. Your name.

In flowing, golden script, it was emblazoned upon deep blue banners, hanging beside stunning artwork depicting the play's most dramatic scenes. The posters captured the essence of the performance—bold, theatrical, utterly enchanting. And at the bottom, a single line stood out amongst the ornate designs:

"A performance before Lady Furina, the Divine Presence of Fontaine."

It was enough to steal your breath away.

So, with your heart pounding in your chest, you stepped forward. Each step carrying the weight of your ambitions, your struggles, your unwavering belief in yourself. Carrying you to the great, ornate doors of the Opera Epiclese, their gilded handles polished to perfection, reflecting your image back at you. This was it. You had arrived.

Taking a deep breath, you pushed them open.

The moment you crossed the threshold, the sheer grandeur of the Opera Epiclese enveloped you like a masterpiece brought to life.

The ceiling stretched impossibly high, a vast dome adorned with elaborate frescoes depicting Fontaine's greatest performances, each brushstroke capturing moments of triumph, sorrow, and passion. A grand chandelier—an entire constellation of them—hung from above, their golden frames encrusted with sapphires and pearls, casting a celestial glow upon the marbled floor beneath your feet.

The hall was a symphony of opulence, its deep blue carpets embroidered with silver filigree, its towering columns wrapped in intricate carvings of sirens and deities, of masked figures lost in dance. Every inch of this place sang with artistry, from the gilded balconies where nobles and critics would sit, to the sweeping staircases that led to unseen wonders beyond.

You barely had time to absorb it all before a sharply dressed usher approached, their uniform pristine, their demeanor that of respect for your person.

"Ah, you must be our esteemed performer. This way, please—preparations for tonight's show are already underway."

They gestured forward, leading you deeper into the building.

You followed, your steps reverent, your fingers trailing along the smooth marble railings as you moved. Your voice, when you finally spoke, was tinged with restrained excitement, unable to fully contain the sheer joy bubbling beneath the surface.

"It's... even more incredible than I imagined."

The usher chuckled knowingly. "It is the pride of Fontaine, after all. A place where both justice and art reach their most magnificent heights."

Your lips curled into a small, prideful smile. Hopefully you too could soon be part of that legacy.

The deeper you walked into the Opera Epiclese, the more it felt as though you were slipping into a world crafted purely for dreams.

Beyond the opulent entryway, the grand heart of the theater revealed itself in all its splendor. A multi-tiered tower, it stretched high and wide, its gilded balconies curving like waves frozen mid-motion, each level adorned with plush velvet seating and intricate designs. Rows of seats sprawled outward in an elegant cascade, converging upon the grand stage.

At the very top, a private, exquisitely adorned VIP box overlooked the entire venue, its deep blue curtains embroidered with Fontaine's sigil in shimmering gold. That was her seat. The one reserved for Lady Furina. Even from here, the thought of her presence made your chest tighten.

But there was no time to stand in awe.

The usher guided you past the grand hall, deeper into the backstage corridors where the lifeblood of the performance thrived. Here, the air was thick with the scent of stage paint, powder, and parchment. Costumers bustled about, hands full of silks and velvets. Engineers tinkered with stage contraptions, adjusting lights, checking mechanical props. Some of Fontaine's greatest artistic minds were

here—directors, designers, playwrights—all working tirelessly to bring tonight's performance to perfection.

You swallowed, exhilaration and nerves mixing in equal measure.

And then—

A glimpse of white and deep blue amidst the movement.

Your breath caught.

Furina.

She wasn't in the VIP seating. She was here. Backstage. Amongst the performers.

She moved with a graceful yet unhurried stride, her presence effective even if she wasn't all that big. Her outfit gleamed under the stage lights—dark blues and whites accented with gold, a tailored coat flowing behind her like she had stepped straight out of a motion picture herself. Her beaded lashes framed her heterochromatic eyes, twin drops of Fontaine's very essence, scanning the room with an interested gaze.

She was beautiful. She was dazzling. She was—

Right in front of you.

A gloved hand caught your wrist.

"Ah-ha! So it is you!"

Your body stiffened as Furina turned fully toward you, her grip light but grounding. She was smiling—bright, warm, playful. Yet, beneath it, those keen eyes studied you, drinking you in with an appraisal so sharp it made your skin prickle.

"You must be absolutely beside yourself with anticipation, non?" she continued, tilting her head slightly, a dramatic lilt clearly present. "To perform upon Fontaine's most illustrious stage, before none other than moi? Oh, you must have dreamed of this moment! Imagined it countless times! And now, here you are, face to face with that dream! Qu'as-tu à dire?"

You opened your mouth—tried to respond—but the words tumbled over themselves before they could even form.

"I—I mean, yes, Lady Furina, it's truly an honor— I never thought— I mean, I always hoped, but—"

A light, chiming laugh escaped her lips. "Oh, how delightful! Such earnestness!" She released your wrist, but only so that she could fold her arms behind her back, leaning forward ever so slightly as she examined you once more.

Her gaze flickered—down, up, down again. It wasn't leering, nor was it indifferent. It was simply assessing. A knowing glint sparkled in her eyes, as if she were searching for something only she could see.

"You carry yourself well," she mused, her tone suddenly softer, almost thoughtful. "Yes… I can tell. That fire inside you… The kind that refuses to be snuffed out, no matter how the world conspires against it."

You could only stare, caught between respectful silence and overwhelming gratitude.

Then, just as suddenly, she straightened, bright and jubilant once more. "Ohoho, but let's not get ahead of ourselves! I shall be watching your performance with bated breath, of course! Fontaine's newest rising star—ah, how exciting!"

Her energy was magnetic. Every word, every movement commanded attention. Even now, when she was merely speaking with you, it felt as though the entire stage had been swallowed by her presence alone.

It was no wonder Fontaine adored her.

Furina lingered a moment longer, tapping a gloved finger against her chin as she circled around you for another look.

"But still," she mused, her voice turning thoughtful once more, "I must wonder… how curious it is that you appear so at home here."

Her words sent a strange, fluttering sensation through your chest—not quite fear, not quite excitement. An oddity of emotion.

"You've never stood on this stage before," she continued, her expression lowering. Her tone becoming quieter, almost conspiratorial. "And yet you belong. As if you were always meant to be here. As if Fontaine itself was merely waiting for you to take your rightful place."

A shiver crawled down your spine, though you weren't sure why.

Then, as quickly as the moment had come, it was gone.

Furina clapped her hands together, beaming. "Ohoho! But what am I saying? Ah, artistic instinct, of course! That must be it! I do have a keen eye for such things, you know." She spun on her heel, the trailing fabric of her coat fluttering behind her. "Very well then! I shall not keep you any longer. Go on, prepare yourself! For I shall be watching ever so closely!"

She tossed a playful wink over her shoulder as she strode away, her energy as dazzling and fleeting as a burst of fireworks.

Only when she disappeared beyond the velvet curtain leading to the VIP box did you finally exhale.

That comment.

"As if you were always meant to be here."

The words clung to you like the lingering warmth of stage lights long after the curtains had fallen.

No. You shook your head, setting the thought aside. You had no time to dwell on this.

The backstage quickly returned to its usual organized chaos. Costumers flitted between performers, adjusting hems, tightening corsets, ensuring every piece was flawless. The air was filled with the hushed urgency of final preparations—the rustling of fabric, the murmured exchanges of stagehands, the scent of powders and oils as makeup artists worked their magic.

You slipped into your costume—a garment of unparalleled craftsmanship, each thread woven with precision, each embellishment speaking of Fontaine's artistic excellence. It fit perfectly, like a second skin.

At the vanity mirror, a makeup artist carefully applied the finishing touches. Powder to soften the harshness of the stage lights, a hint of rouge to bring life to your cheeks, dark liner to make your eyes striking even from the farthest seat in the audience.

The transformation was almost startling. The person staring back at you… was no longer just yourself. You had become your character.

No, more than that.

You had become the very embodiment of Fontaine's stage.

"All performers, final call! Positions, everyone!"

The words rang through the backstage like the tolling of a bell. Everything snapped into place. Props were set, curtains were adjusted, and murmurs turned into silence.

You took a deep breath.

And then—you stepped out.

The moment your foot touched the stage, the weight of the world seemed to shift. The golden glow of the chandeliers cast an ethereal brilliance upon the vast audience before you—a sea of faces, eyes trained upon the grand stage, waiting, anticipating.

And up above, high in her VIP box, sat Furina.

She leaned forward slightly, chin resting in her palm, her expression unreadable.

The silence stretched, expectations alight.

And then—

The orchestra struck its first note.

The play had begun.

The moment the music began, the world outside the stage ceased to exist.

The orchestra swelled with a rich, powerful overture, a symphony of strings and brass that resonated through the grand hall, filling every corner of the Opera Epiclese. The stage was bathed in a cascade of golden light, illuminating the intricate backdrop—a stunning, hand-painted panorama depicting Fontaine's rolling rivers and mist-laden valleys, an illusion so masterful it seemed to breathe with life.

And at the heart of it all stood you.

Every movement, every breath was planned, woven seamlessly into

the rhythm of the play. When you spoke, your voice carried through the vast theater with perfect clarity—measured, emotive, each word delivered as though it had never been uttered before, as if it were being born in that very moment. The audience was utterly enthralled, their expressions a tapestry of anticipation, sorrow, joy—all dictated by your very performance.

But your focus was elsewhere.

Up in the grand VIP box, Furina watched.

You could feel the weight of her gaze upon you, sharp and unwavering, drinking in your every gesture, your every inflection. She sat poised, her delicate fingers curled beneath her chin, her lips slightly parted, as if she had momentarily forgotten the world around her.

Your heart pounded, but not from nerves.

You wanted more.

More of that gaze. More of that focus. More of her.

So, subtly, intentionally, you adjusted.

Your movements became more pointed, your delivery tinged with just enough extra poignancy, a carefully placed hesitation in your voice, a lingering glance toward the heavens—toward her. Every motion, every note of emotion woven into your performance was crafted to pull her in. To make her feel as if this play, this story, this night was for her alone.

And she was enthralled .

Furina's expression shifted—fascination deepening into something else. Her lips parted slightly, her gaze never once flickering away. The light from the chandelier above cast a soft glow against her porcelain skin, highlighting the almost imperceptible tension in her features.

She was feeling everything.

And that, more than anything else, made you soar.

The play built toward its crescendo, the music rising in tandem with your performance, sweeping across the audience like a tide. The final act approached—the climax of the tale, where all emotions converged

into one final, unforgettable moment.

Your chest burned, your breath came quick, but your voice remained strong. Every ounce of yourself, your passion, your very soul was poured into these final words, this last stand before the curtain fell.

And then—

Silence.

For a brief, suspended moment, the world held its breath.

And then, as if the Opera Epiclese itself had come alive—thunderous applause.

It was deafening. A rolling tide of cheers, whistles, and unrestrained praise that crashed over the stage in endless waves. The sound of it rattled through your bones, sent fire surging through your veins, lifted you higher than the very heavens Fontaine claimed dominion over.

You stood, head bowed, arms at your sides, chest heaving with exertion and exhilaration alike.

And then—roses.

A rain of crimson petals cascaded across the stage, tossed from eager hands in the audience below. Some slid across the polished wood, while others landed against your feet, against your hands, against your skin. The perfume of them—deep, rich, intoxicating—mingled with the lingering scent of stage powder and candle smoke.

They were screaming for you. Calling your name.

You felt unstoppable.

Your fingers curled slightly, a tremble in your breath as the weight of the moment settled in full. This was what you had dreamed of. The feeling of a performance so powerful that it gripped people's souls and refused to let go. The love of the crowd, the heat of the lights, the sheer reverence of the stage.

You had done it.

Finally, you lifted your head.

And for a single, unbearable moment, everything stopped.

Furina was looking at you.

But it wasn't joy in her expression. It wasn't admiration, or excitement, or even satisfaction.

It was something else.

Her eyes were locked onto yours, unwavering, sharp. That heterochromatic gaze—one so expressive in its usual theatrics—was now unreadable, distant.

Your breath hitched. The world around you blurred—no more applause, no more roses, no more glowing faces of the audience drunk on your performance. There was only her.

And then—the curtain fell.

The world snapped back into motion as soon as it did. Hands clapped against your shoulders, grips firm with excitement, voices rising in a cacophony of praise. The backstage was alive, electric with the thrill of success.

"That was brilliant!"

"Incredible work—we need you for our next production!"

"You stole the whole show! We'll be seeing your name everywhere after this!"

You turned, a grin breaking across your face, elation erasing that strange, lingering thought from moments ago. This was it! This was what you worked for!

You shook hands, laughed breathlessly, accepted every word of praise like it was gold spun from the stars themselves. Future jobs were offered on the spot, voices layering over one another in desperate bids to secure you for another masterpiece.

And then, as if this night could somehow get even better—

Furina was there.

Still in her seat just moments ago, now right here, standing at the side, looking you over with the same careful precision she had backstage.

When did she...?

It sent a shock through you, but you didn't let it show.

Your grin widened, your voice brimming with sheer, undeniable enthusiasm.

"Lady Furina!" You straightened, eyes gleaming. "Did you see? They loved it! They—"

Gone was that unreadable stare, that strange, heavy silence that had clung to her just moments before. Instead, her entire face lit up with exuberance, admiration—genuine, breathless excitement. Her hands clasped together near her chest as if she were restraining herself from outright grabbing you in her enthusiasm.

"Mon dieu! That was magnifique! Exquisite! A performance worthy of the Opera Epiclese itself!"

She took a step closer, eyes glimmering beneath the golden backstage lights, her smile wide, dazzling, utterly enraptured.

"You didn't just act—you became the role!" she gushed, her voice practically dripping with reverence. "Every word, every movement, every pause—it was all you. You gave yourself to the stage, to the audience, to the art itself, and they felt it!" She gestured grandly towards the curtain, as if the echoes of applause were still swirling around her. "To witness such passion, such dedication—it's a rarity! A once-in-a-generation kind of talent!"

Your chest swelled with pure, undiluted pride.

Furina—the Lady Furina—was praising you like this? It was unreal. Her words flowed over you like the warmest of tides, soothing, exhilarating, validating in a way that nothing else ever had been.

"You were—how do I put this?" Furina's voice softened. "Tu étais parfait."

A delighted laugh escaped her lips, and she spun in place, dramatic as ever, before turning back to you with a knowing smirk.

"And I must say, I do have quite the keen eye for talent, do I not?" She placed a hand on her hip, chin tilting up in pride. "When I first heard of your feats, I knew there was something promising, something intriguing—but this?" She let out a short, delighted exhale. "This was beyond even my highest expectations!"

Your heart soared.

"Thank you, Lady Furina," you managed, still breathless, still riding the overwhelming high of it all. "That means—everything to me."

But Furina wasn't finished.

Her expression shifted, just slightly.

That radiant joy was still there, that admiration—that observing glint again.

"But what truly fascinates me," she mused, tilting her head, "is your ability to pretend."

You blinked, caught off guard. "Pretend?"

Furina nodded, a glint of deep interest flashing through her heterochromatic eyes.

"Yes… your acting, your ability to step into another's skin, to weave illusions so flawlessly that those who gaze upon you believe in them." She took a step closer, her presence becoming slightly overbearing. "That is what makes you truly exceptional."

The air between you was charged, she was so close.

But before you could even begin to question it, Furina clapped her hands together, her grin widening once more.

"Which is exactly why I have an offer for you!"

You felt your breath catch.

An… offer?

She beamed, excitement bubbling beneath her words. "I am preparing a new performance—a magnificent production, one that Fontaine has never seen before! And for such a grand, spectacular play, I require only the finest of talent to join me on the stage!"

Your pulse pounded. Was she saying—?

She leaned in ever so slightly, her gaze never leaving yours.

"Not just under me, but with me," she purred. "You and I—on stage together. What do you say?"

The world around you blurred once more, but this time, it wasn't because of something strange, or something unknown.

It was because—this was it.

This was the dream.

Your mind whirred, overwhelmed yet grounded by an instinctive sense of caution. This was an incredible opportunity—unimaginable, really—but to accept something so massive outright? That would be reckless.

You couldn't just leap into something like this, not when it involved the Hydro Archon herself.

Yet, Furina made it all seem so… effortless. So easy.

"Oh, but of course! I wouldn't expect an immediate answer," she chimed, reading your hesitance before you could even voice it. She tilted her head, a knowing smile playing at her lips. "You're a true professional, after all—so meticulous, so thoughtful! I adore that about you already, mon étoile montante."

Her praise wrapped around you, neigh impossible to deny the thrill it sent through you.

Still, you couldn't just say yes. Not yet. But you could ask.

"What kind of performance would it be?" you ventured carefully, watching for any sign of expectation or pressure.

Furina simply hummed aloud. "Ah! Now, that is an excellent question!" She spun slightly, her flair never once dimming, before fixing you with a gaze full of dreams yet to be realized.

"A spectacle like Fontaine has never seen before! Something grand! Tragic! Romantic! A tale of passion and longing, of stars crossed by fate, of devotion that defies time itself!"

She let out a dramatic sigh, placing a delicate hand over her heart.

"And you, mon cher trésor, would be at the very center of it all."

Your breath caught in your throat.

It sounded… breathtaking. But still—

"And the details?" you pressed, careful to keep your voice steady. "Rehearsals, schedules, payment, all of that?"

Furina laughed, light and airy, as if the mere thought of such concerns was charming. "Mais bien sûr! Do you take me for someone who does not meticulously plan every detail? Everything will align perfectly with your schedule—why, I will see to it personally!"

She perked up again as if remembering something. "And as for compensation, well—" A grin curled at the edge of her lips. "The Hydro Archon pays handsomely for brilliance."

Your fingers twitched at your side. It was perfect. Too perfect, all just waiting for you to take hold.

And Furina saw it—felt it—the way you were being pulled into her orbit, and she gave one last, gentle push.

"And of course, the most important question," she purred, "where you would stay."

You swallowed. "Yes, traveling to rehearse daily would be—"

"Unthinkable," she interjected smoothly, waving a hand. "An absolute waste of your time and talent!"

You hesitated. "Then…?"

Furina’s expression didn’t falter. Not even for a second.

"You shall stay at the Palais Mermonia."

Silence.

Your mind blanked.

She said it with such ease, such certainty, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. There was no pause, no doubt—just pure expectation that you would step into that world like you had been born there.

Your lips parted, struggling for words, but Furina only tilted her head, her smile widening ever so slightly.

"Well?" she prompted, voice rich with promise.

"...Tell me more."

The script sat heavy in your hands, almost palpable with meaning. You had barely begun to read, yet the sheer intricacy of the story left you breathless.

Every line, every exchange, every emotion was woven so seamlessly, so perfectly, it felt alive.

The tragedy.

The passion.

The inevitability.

It was beautiful. It was a masterpiece.

And at its heart—Furina.

She was its shining star, as she was in all things. But you—your role was not secondary. No, you were her deuteragonist, her other half, the one bound to her by a fate so profound that to be apart would be like tearing the moon from the tides.

You read, and you felt it.

Furina watched you with the sharp, knowing gaze of someone who already knew what your answer would be.

And how could you say no?

To work alongside her.

To live within the Palais Mermonia.

To breathe in the very essence of Fontaine’s finest artistry.

This was everything.

You looked up from the script, words caught in your throat. Furina only smiled.

"I take it," she mused, "that my vision has struck a chord?"

A breath. A heartbeat.

And then—

"Yes," you said. "Yes, I'll do it."

Furina beamed.

"Ah, but of course you would!" she declared, clapping her hands together. "Mon brillant partenaire, you were simply made for this role! Designed by fate, written into the very script of existence itself! Ah, what a divine stroke of luck this is!"

She took your hand, her fingers curling gently around yours, and with a flourish, she pulled you forward, linking her arm with yours.

"Come, come! Let me guide you out! Fontaine shall soon witness a performance unlike any other, one that shall be spoken of for centuries to come!"

Her voice carried light and joy, her touch soft yet firm, as she guided you forward—past the lingering gazes of actors, past the grand stage, past the place where you had just performed your greatest role yet.

And then, at the entrance, she stopped.

She turned to you, her expression still glowing with excitement, and with graceful precision, she lifted your hand.

A soft, fleeting press of her lips against your knuckles.

A kiss.

Then she let go, stepping back to the door.

"I shall see you off, mon trésor," she hummed, her voice honey-sweet. "Our rehearsals begin soon and I simply cannot wait."

And with that—Furina disappeared, leaving you standing at the threshold of your own future.

Everything was taken care of, just as Furina had promised.

From the moment you agreed, it was as if an invisible hand had swept in to clear every possible inconvenience from your path. Travel? Arranged. Expenses? Paid in full. Belongings? Handled by courteous attendants, who took them with the utmost care.

Upon your arrival at Palais Mermonia, you were greeted not just by

the sheer majesty of Fontaine's most revered institution but by a warm reception.

A grand banquet of exquisite dishes awaited you—delicate seafood gratins, golden pastries, fresh fruits that glistened like gemstones under the light. Nothing was left wanting.

And at the center of it all, with that radiant, theatrical brilliance of hers, was Furina.

She had made it clear—she would personally oversee your welcome.

And so, with her gloved hand resting elegantly atop yours, she led you through the heart of Fontaine's power.

The Palais Mermonia was utterly breathtaking. There was just no other word for it.

The walls stretched impossibly high, adorned with intricate shining gold and deep cerulean drapery. Chandeliers of pure crystal hung like frozen stars, casting soft, rippling light across the vast marble floors.

Outside, the grand gardens unfolded in an endless array of color. The air smelled of fresh roses, damp earth, and the distant scent of Fontaine's cascading waters. The fountains, tall and resplendent, whispered softly as they flowed, a melody only the land itself could compose.

You had no words.

And Furina—she was watching you.

A knowing smile curled at the edges of her lips. "Magnifique, n'est-ce pas? It is a place fit for a sovereign, the beating heart of Fontaine itself. But tell me…"

She turned to face you fully, hands held in your own, gaze scanning your face with unfiltered interest.

"Who are you beyond the stage?"

You blinked at her sudden question.

"I mean," she continued, voice light with curiosity, "I have seen you become another person, slip into a role with such flawless grace that it becomes a second skin. But I wish to know the one who lives behind the mask. The one who exists when the curtains close."

She tilted her head, watching you carefully. "What is it that you love? Your favorite things—flowers, foods, stories. What makes you you?"

You hesitated.

How often did someone ask this of you? How often did they want to know not the performer, not the act, but the person underneath?

Furina was waiting.

And so, as you strolled through the grand halls of Palais Mermonia, you indulged her.

You spoke of your favorite flowers—the ones whose scents lingered longest, whose colors seemed to capture emotion in a way that words could not. You told her of the dishes you adored, the ones that reminded you of home, of warmth, of belonging.

You spoke of the plays that had inspired you, the roles that had stayed with you long after the performances ended. You shared the stories that shaped you.

And Furina listened.

Not as a ruler, nor as an Archon, nor even as an actress—but simply as someone who wanted to know you.

Her gaze never wavered, not once.

She absorbed your every word as if committing them to memory.

And when you had finished, she exhaled, as if your words had filled a silence she hadn't realized she carried.

"…Parfait," she murmured, a strange glint in her eye. "Absolutely perfect."

Then, with a turn, she took your hand once more and pulled you along.

"Come now! There is still so much to see. After all, you should know every corner of your new home, should you not?"

She laughed, light and airy, and the sound of it lingered in your chest as the two of you disappeared deeper into the palace.

As the evening droned on Furina showed no signs of growing tired as

she guided you through the grand halls of Palais Mermonia, head raised high as she led you through opulent corridors bathed in soft golden light. The conversation had flowed endlessly—about acting, about stories, about you. She had a way of making even the smallest details feel important, as if every word you spoke was another piece of a puzzle she was delighted to complete.

At last, after what felt like a long daydream, she stopped before a set of ornate double doors, their deep blue wood carved with intricate patterns that shimmered under the glow of the nearby chandeliers.

"And here," Furina declared with a grand sweep of her arms, "is where you shall reside. A room befitting one of such talent, a true rising star of the Opera Epiclese! You deserve no less, bien sûr."

She turned to you, her eyes glinting with satisfaction. "Rest well. For tomorrow, the real work begins."

With a final, playful curtsy, she released your hand and turned, her elegant heels tapping softly against the marble floor as she vanished down the corridor, leaving you alone before your new quarters.

You pushed open the doors—

—and the sight within stole your breath.

The room was nothing short of magnificent.

The ceiling stretched high, adorned with a breathtaking fresco depicting serene waters beneath a starlit sky, the constellations painted with silver and gold. A massive window, framed by flowing blue drapes, overlooked Fontaine's night-lit skyline, the distant rivers reflecting the glow of the city's lights like a sea of stars.

A regal four-poster bed stood at the center, its dark wood adorned with carved embellishments and sheets softer than clouds, the deep blues and silvers matching the colors of Fontaine itself. Pillows of every size and texture were carefully arranged, as if anticipating whatever comfort you might desire.

But it wasn't just beautiful.

It was personal.

Everywhere you looked, things had been prepared just for you.

A wardrobe lined with clothes of fine, elegant fabric—all in your preferred styles and colors, fitted perfectly to your measurements. A vanity stocked with perfumes, shampoos, and soaps bearing scents you adored. A collection of scriptwriting materials, blank parchment, quills, and ink sat at an ebony desk, ready for your hand.

Even the smallest details had been considered—a crystal dish filled with your favorite snacks, a velvet chair positioned at the perfect angle for reading, a bookshelf already lined with plays and stories you loved.

It was overwhelming. In the best possible way.

You ran your fingers over the polished desk, feeling the smooth grain of the wood, before sitting on the edge of the bed, the silk sheets cool beneath your fingertips.

It was more than you ever could have dreamed of.

More than you ever thought you deserved.

You let out a deep breath, feeling a warmth bloom in your chest—a profound gratitude, an unshakable happiness.

Everything here was perfect.

And tomorrow, you too would play the part of perfection.

End Notes

Hehe we reached 50 people in the disc, thanks all! ✧✧
https://discord.gg/GPBNYYxExz

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!